Droning Thoughts

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Summary: A battle through a drones perspective. One Shot.

Droning Thoughts

Disclaimer: I do not own Halo.

The drone watched as he neared the place where they would be let out. He nervously flitted his wings, gaining a reproachful glare from his leader. He needed to settle down. Either that or he would die within the first few minuets against the humans. They were stupid creatures, the humans. It was a wonder that they had lasted as long as they had against the technologically superior Covenant.

They were released from the drop ship and the drone quickly flew above the ground based units. He held his plasma pistol ready in case he needed to use it. The humans' base stood in front of them. It was starting to wear down from the constant assault from the aliens. This was going to be simple. He released a bolt of plasma on an unsuspecting marine. He fell with a shriek of pain as the plasma burned his skin. That was one more of these pestilences gone. Now where was the demon? It was the one that they had been specifically told must be killed. The young drone began to search for him. He shouldn't be too hard to find. He was taller and bigger than the others, not to mention he was capable of slaughtering covenant warriors faster than any of the other earthlings.

He wound his way up until he was level with one of his barrack mates. The other drones many faceted eyes were looking around on the ground, clearly looking for the demon. They were looking for anything that announced its presence. All they needed to see was that the humans in this area were being driven back with ease. That was enough to tell the drones that it was not here.

"New orders," barked the leader, "as it is not out here, we are to go through the vents and find the demon."

He followed the rest of his swarm into the vents of the structure. In the tight setting, the only sound that could be heard was the constant humming of their wings. They wound around and around, shooting down different vents. The young drone followed the chattering of the group leader announcing that he had found a good exit. The drones exploded into a large cave. A group of human soldiers began to scream as they saw the swarm of drones overhead. The swarm began to fire at the pathetic little humans and soon screams pierced the air.

There it was, the faceless demon. He was firing his weapon into the midst of the drones. One by one, they were falling to the ground in dead heaps. The drone watched as his friend fell beside him. He wanted to go down and help him, but he knew better. If he was to stop doing his duty, the brutes would kill him for insubordination. The life of one little drone was not at all important to them. He continued to fire, trying to get a clear shot at the monster of a human. The drone saw one of his plasma bolts hit the demon squarely on the chest. The armor glowed as the shields took the impact instead of the human itself. The drone pulled the trigger of his pistol again, but nothing came out. His weapons charge was gone. He bolted behind one of the pillars, trying to hide from the onslaught of the demons wrath.

Silence finally came. Looking around, the drone saw that its entire unit had been killed. He fluttered his wings and instantly realized that this was an error. His wings made sound and therefore would attract attention. Quickly, he began to try to fly to a vent opening. He almost made it. One of his talons grabbed onto to the rim when a burst of three bullets embedded themselves into his stomach. With a shriek of pain the drone fell to the ground as unconsciousness took over.

Author's note: This was done for a creative writing project. I am posting this online because the teacher never gave me feed back. Something feels off about this story, and I can't say what it is. Neither can my beta. If someone could tell me what it is, I would greatly appreciate it.

End
file.